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The Window

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THE WINDOW

By Katherine Hoffman

Through the rectangle of my window
I see a man framed in deep blue
under the old yellow gaslights
looking for dropped change
on the sidewalk. The glass
is cold against my nose.

I wonder if he knows
he is watched from a window
as he searches among broken glass
bottles: brown, green, blue,
not the color of dropped change,
but twinkling in the old light.

Looking up toward me, he lights
a cigarette and rubs his nose.
I shift in my chair, change
position. To him the window
mirrors the sky, a blue
rectangle of glass.

I am eclipsed by glass,
hidden by reflected light
as though the moon's blue
face obscures me. No,
sitting in the window
I am changed,

I am wholly changed.

I am the glass.

I am the window.

I am reflected light.

The searching man knows

I'm there. I'm deep blue.

But rising sun fades my blue.

The man stops looking for change,
gaslight having shown no
sign of cash among the bottle glass.
He crushes his cigarette light,
not looking back at the window.

I push my nose against changed
glass, no longer blue, framed
window clear in growing light.